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WALT WHITMAN, THE MAN.

Calamus: a Series of Letters written during the Years 1868-1880 by Walt Whitman to a Young Friend (Peter Doyle). Edited, with an Introduction, by Richard Maurice Bucke, M.D., one of Whitman's Literary Executors. (Boston: Laurens Maynard.)

IT is the fate of big, breezy, kindly natures to have rather tiresome admirers, and Walt Whitman is no exception. Whitmaniacs are not good to live with. The band of enthusiasts who devote their lives to the expansion of his philosophy in America, whose organ is the *Conservator* of Philadelphia, have the best intentions but no humour. After perusing one number of the *Conservator*, it is possible to come away a little frightened of their prophet. A better way is to read *Leaves of Grass* pure and simple, and let the commentators and illustrators and improvers go. Walt Whitman needs no gloss. Everything that he wished to say he said as clearly as might be; and once the reader can overcome his antipathy to the boisterous, unkempt manner, once his ear is willing continually to be baulked of music, there is the generous tingling message of democracy glowing before him. Walt Whitman was, more than any other writer, impatient of intermediaries: he wished to be alone with his reader, just you and he.

Whitman's imitators—even Mr. Carpenter, who has a true message of his own—are very trying, and for the most part his celebrators are apt to give false impressions. We except John Burroughs and W. D. O'Connor, both of whom understood the fulness of the man, but the majority of those who write with enthusiasm of Whitman do him injustice. He was more normal, more reasonable, than they would have us suppose: much more a man like unto his fellows. It is because these letters to Peter Doyle, and more especially Peter Doyle's narrative, emphasise this fact—adjust the balance, as it were—that we welcome *Calamus*. It is an illumination, a revelation. It is well for Whitman to stand aside from Whitmaniacs

now and then. It is even more desirable that he should be defended from that other faction which calls him satyr and savage: for to most persons Whitman is either god or devil. This book shows him to have been neither, but a much better thing: a wholesome, simple-hearted, affectionate, keen-sighted, sweet-minded, impulsive, idle, tolerant, charitable, boyish, merry, vigorous old man; a passionate lover of humanity, of the open air, of the sea, of active moving life, of his country.

The book is valuable less for the letters than for the picture of Walt Whitman which is offered by Peter Doyle, his friend. At the time they met Whitman was a man close upon fifty, and Doyle a youth thirty years his junior. Whitman was a clerk in a Government office at Washington, Doyle was conductor of a tramcar. Whitman seems to have had a peculiar fondness for tramcars and ferries: they enabled him to indulge in his favourite pastime of observing moving masses of people, to be passive—to "loaf," to use one of his favourite words—in the midst of activity. There is something childlike, boyish, in this; and Whitman was much of a boy all through life. Where there was water he was always drawn to it, either to bathe or to sail, but inland he seems to have sought the cars. His letters are full of references to them, and messages to friends who were working upon them. Thus, he wrote from Camden, after his first paralytic seizure in 1873:

"I have become sort of acquainted with most of the carriers, ferrymen, car conductors, drivers, &c., &c. They are very good indeed—help me on and off the cars, here and in Philadelphia—they are nearly all young fellows—it all helps along."

And, again, from Brooklyn in 1870:

"I find myself going with the pilots muchly—there are several that were little boys, now grown up, and remember me well—fine hearty fellows—always around the water—sons of old pilots—they make much of me, and of course I am willing."

The young men always drew him; he could influence them, colour their potentialities; they were frank and fresh and spirited and unaffected. It was necessary to be natural, human, to attract Walt Whitman. In cultured society Whitman could hold his own, and did; but he went to it from curiosity, and his curiosity was soon satisfied. He wrote of the conversation of a certain literary set:

"I take a hand in, for a change. I find it entertaining, as I say, for novelty's sake, for a week or two—but I know very well that would be enough for me. It is all first rate, good and smart but too constrained and bookish for a free old hawk like me."

Whitman, at any rate at this time, in middle life, seems to have had few close friends. He loved boundlessly; he sympathised with most forms of human endeavour and human weakness; but he admitted few individuals to his holy of holies. Doyle was his chosen intimate. While this book was in preparation, Dr. Bucke and Mr. Traubel, the high priests of Whitmania, paid a visit to Peter Doyle and took from his lips his recollections of

Whitman. They found Doyle very ready to talk. His words, almost as they were spoken, were recorded by Mr. Traubel, and subsequently Doyle revised the proofs. Hence we have a very interesting first-hand account of a remarkable friendship.

Peter Doyle's narrative is the gem of the book, a piece of real literature. He began with a few words about the cars:

"Walt rode with me often—often at noon, always at night. He rode round with me on the last trip—sometimes rode for several trips. Everybody knew him. He had a way of taking the measure of the driver's hands—had calf-skin gloves made for them every winter in Georgetown—these gloves were his personal presents to the men. He saluted the men on the other cars as we passed—threw up his hand. They cried to him, 'Hullo, Walt!' and he would reply, 'Ah, there!' or something like. He was welcome always as the flowers in May."

Subsequently Doyle gave a good reminiscence of Garfield and Whitman. Garfield's call of salutation to Whitman across the street was "After all, not to create only," the opening words of the "Song of the Exposition." "After all, not to create only," he would cry out in his large, manly voice, and then the two men would talk and talk and talk.

Here are other remarks of Peter Doyle's, not quite in the order in which he made them:

"I never knew a case of Walt's being bothered up by a woman. . . . Woman in that sense never came into his head. Walt was too clean, he hated anything which was not clean. No trace of any kind of dissipation in him. I ought to know about him those years—we were awful close together. . . . He had an easy, gentle way—the same for all, no matter who they were or what their sex. . . . He could shut a man off in the best style, you know. He had a freezing way in him—yet was never harsh. But people got to know that he meant what he said. . . . Walt's manners were always perfectly simple. We would tackle the farmers who came into town, buy a water-melon, sit down on the cellar door of Bacon's grocery. . . . halve it and eat it. People would go by and laugh. Walt would only smile and say: 'They can have the laugh—we have the melon.' . . . He had pretty vigorous ideas on religion, but he never said anything slighting the church. . . . He never went to church—didn't like form, ceremonies—didn't seem to favour preachers at all. I asked him about the hereafter. 'There must be something,' he said, 'there can't be a locomotive unless there is somebody to run it.' I have heard him say that if a person was a right kind of person—and I guess he thought all persons right kind of persons—he couldn't be destroyed in the next world or this. . . . He seemed to have a positive dislike for tobacco. He was a very moderate drinker. . . . In his eating he was vigorous, had a big appetite, but was simple in his tastes, not caring for any great dishes. . . . Dollars and cents had no weight with Walt at all. He didn't spend recklessly, but he spent everything—mostly on other people. Money was a thing he didn't think of as other people thought of it. It came and went, that was all there was to it. He didn't buy many books, but I remember that he once bought a set of Alexander Dumas."

All this is just what is wanted. It shows us the unfamiliar side—the man day by day. It enables us to disentangle Walt Whitman from the web of illusion that

hangs about him. Everything we learn of Peter Doyle tells us more of Walt Whitman and more of that section of *Leaves of Grass* called "Calamus." To some persons the tone of that section is objectionable: it can be so no longer after reading this little book.

The letters themselves are intrinsically no great literary treasure. They are affectionate, solicitous, hearty, bluff. Whitman had a paternal love for his young friend: he told him what seemed likely to interest him, now and then sent a book, or a paper containing something of his own, asked for news, often enclosed presents of money. This is a fair specimen letter:

"Brooklyn, Friday forenoon, March 22 [1872]. Dear Pete, I received your letter yesterday. Pete, you must be quite steady at work, and no time to spare. Well, perhaps it is just as satisfactory considering all things. The cold weather has just kept on here as before—cold enough all the time—and then a spell of damned bitter stinging cold every now and then extra—not one single mild warm day since I have been home—six weeks—I am middling well, go out some every day, but not much—Best thing is my *eating and sleeping*—I fall back on them altogether—I sleep splendid, have a good bed, plenty of cover—get up pretty early though and make the fire, and set things agoing, before mother comes out—she has had some bad times with rheumatism etc.—one hand and arm quite disabled—still she is very cheerful, looks well in the face, and does more work cooking, etc, than most young women—We have grand breakfasts, buckwheat cakes, coffee, &c., eggs, &c.—just wish you could come in mornings and partake. We two always breakfast together, and it is first rate.—So you see I fall back upon sleeping and eating, (as I said).—Should be glad to see Parker Milburn—hope he will call to-day.—I send you a paper by mail.—Well, Pete, I believe that is all, this time. Good bye, my darling son.—So the new shirts turn out a success do they? I have a great mind to be jealous.—Give my love to Wash Milburn, Adrian Jones, and all the R.R. boys. Your loving old Walt."

Whitman subscribed himself in various ways: "Your loving comrade and father"; "Your affectionate comrade and father"; "Your loving father."

The letters, it will be seen, are not particularly quotable. We have made, however, a few short extracts which seem luminous. In 1868, Walt Whitman wrote to Doyle from New York concerning the enmity to *Leaves of Grass* in certain quarters:

"There are some venomous but laughable squibs occasionally in the papers. One said that I had received twenty-five guineas for a piece in an English magazine, but that it was worth all that for anyone to read it. Another, the *World*, said: 'Walt Whitman was in town yesterday carrying the blue cotton umbrella of the future' (it had been a drizzly forenoon)—so they go it. When they get off a good squib, however, I laugh at it just as much as anyone."

In the same year, when he was forty-nine, Whitman wrote as follows:

"The truth is Peter, that I am here at the present time mainly in the midst of female women, some of them young and jolly, and meet them most every evening in company, and the way in which this aged party comes up to the scratch and cuts out the youthful parties and fills their hearts with envy is absolutely a caution."

Given the foregoing passage with no name to it and no clue save that it was from a private letter, and who would put it down to Whitman? This sounds more characteristic:

"I am glad to hear what you wrote about your mother—everything about fellows' old mothers is interesting to me."

During the Franco-Prussian war he wrote:

"Of course you may know that the way the war turns out suits me to death—Louis Napoleon fully deserves his fate—I consider him by far the meanest scoundrel (with all his smartness) that ever sat on a throne. I make a distinction, however, I admire and love the French, and France as a nation—of all foreign nations, she has my sympathy first of all."

A little later he made a slight change in his tone:

"I find myself now far more for the French than I ever was for the Prussians—Then I propose to take my first drink with you when I return, in celebration of the pegging out of the Pope and all his gang of Cardinals and Priests—and entry of Victor Emmanuel into Rome, and making it the capital of the great independent Italian nation."

In 1873 Whitman had a paralytic stroke, and after that the tone of his letters is much less buoyant. He was brave and patient under his affliction. The following extract is from one of the last letters, dated 1879, written from St. Louis. It throws light on the relations between Whitman and the soldiers he nursed in hospital:

"I stopt some days at a town right in the middle of those Plains, in Kansas, on the Santa Fé road—found a soldier there who had known me in the war fifteen years ago—was married and running the hotel there—I had hard work to get away from him—he wanted me to stay all winter."

Yet though the letters are not brilliant they tell much concerning their author. Two things we learn very clearly from them: that Whitman's poems were works of deliberate architecture, and that he kept his poetry and his life distinct. To some extent we may attribute the careless, commonplace diction of these letters to the mental capacity of the man to whom they were addressed; but it would have been impossible to sustain so thoroughly a mediocre manner if it were not normal. Walt Whitman was a loafer in correspondence as in life. He took words as he took things—as they came; nor was he in his outlook in the least literary. He lived perfectly naturally, passing on from joy to joy, without at the time subjecting them to any analysis. Not till afterwards, when the pen was in his hand, was he conscious of how good they were. Before sitting down to write his poems he tightened himself up. In his conversation and correspondence with Doyle, his closest friend, he was as ordinary a high-spirited man as America possessed, giving no suggestion of his intellectual power and delicacy or his great gift of epithet. Yet his poems written at this time, notably the wonderful elegy on Lincoln, have exquisite collocations of words. Doyle tells us that Whitman sometimes would quote Shakespeare on their walks; and the following passage is interesting:

"Yes, Walt often spoke to me of his books

I would tell him, 'I don't know what you are trying to get at.' And this is the idea I would always arrive at from his reply. All other people in the world have had their representatives in literature: here is a great big race with no representative. He would undertake to furnish that representative. It was also his object to get a real human being into a book. This had never been done before."

It is worth remembering that at the time when Whitman in America was striving to put a real human being—a whole man—into a book, Thackeray was complaining in England that it might not be done. The "free old hawk" cared little for "might not."

We may take leave of Peter Doyle with the following extract, and the wish that his peace may not be much disturbed by admirers of Whitman who burn to know more:

"I have Walt's raglan here. I now and then put it on, lay down, think I am in the old times. Then he is with me again. It is the only thing I kept amongst many old things. When I sit it on and stretched out on the old sofa I am very well contented. It is like Aladdin's lamp. I do not ever for a minute lose the old man. He is always near by. When I am in trouble—in a crisis—I ask myself, 'What would Walt have done under these circumstances?' and whatever I decide Walt would have done that I do."

THE STANHOPE ESSAY.

Sir Walter Raleigh. The Stanhope Essay.
By John Buchan. (Blackwell.)

It is an old and not a very wise custom which requires the winner of an Oxford Prize Essay to print his work for the benefit of the public at large; and, as a rule, we should rebel against being expected to treat such lucubrations with the honours of a serious review. We are willing enough, however, to make an exception in the case of Mr. Buchan, whose Stanhope Essay on Sir Walter Raleigh shows maturity and critical insight considerably beyond the average, and who, indeed, has already won his spurs in the field of literature elsewhere. The life of Raleigh has before now tasked the endeavour of many competent pens, and Mr. Buchan does not attempt to bring to light any new biographical details. Little, in fact, needs to be added to the exhaustive and scholarly monograph published a few years ago by Mr. Stebbing. Mr. Buchan's aim is critical rather than in the stricter sense biographical. He wishes to get at the personality behind the career, to gather from the record of his varied deeds some conception of what manner of man Raleigh essentially was. Certainly a task worth accomplishing, for Raleigh, like his great contemporary, Sir Philip Sidney, presents us with a problem, the problem of the man whose reputation has outrun his achievement, whose impression, alike upon his own age and upon posterity, has proved more enduring than any of his specific actions are quite sufficient to explain or justify. Therefore, as Mr. Buchan points out, he becomes a most fascinating subject for the curious critic, "the psychologist of history, the lover of strange souls and

mingled motives." We are unable to follow in detail Mr. Buchan's singularly patient and suggestive study of Raleigh's chequered career; it strikes us as an admirable and discriminating piece of work. While keenly alive to the idealism and general honesty of purpose that marked the man, the essayist does not slur over the frequent acts of treachery, cruelty, and greed that stain his name and grieve his admirers. Raleigh's "intellectual keynote," the quality which goes far to explain alike his brilliance and his ultimate ineffectiveness, Mr. Buchan finds in the very range and versatility of his interests. Soldier, courtier, explorer, monopolist, scientist, historian, poet: his energies were dissipated in the mere contemplation of the immense fields which his subtle and penetrating spirit yearned to conquer. For the dogged industry, which through a thousand small delays masters success, he had neither the patience nor the self-restraint. So far as he did accomplish anything outside the world of letters, it was as a navigator and coloniser, a pioneer of the greater Britain beyond the seas of which nowadays we babble so much. The sea, as Mr. Buchan points out, touched the fibre of romance in him:

"He had always something of that love of the free face of heaven, the salt wind, and the fierce delight of action, which is the glory of his race. Over him and his like the old glamour of the 'swan's path' had fallen in all its power. He and men of his kind at the very height of achievement in other spheres seem always weary for the sting of wind and rain and the ecstasy of motion. And for them in their toils there was a richer hope than for others of the craft in later times. For the world was not yet shorn and parcelled; treasure might still be looked for, portents awaited, and the white harbour-wall of the Devon town was the boundary of the unknown."

We doubt whether Mr. Buchan does justice to Raleigh's poetry when he speaks of it as "little above the level of a minor lyricist." The fragments of "Cynthia" we will surrender to Mr. Buchan at once: that was clearly a *tour de force*, written down to the level of Elizabeth's taste. But among the lesser poems there are at least half a dozen which are quite first-class and which strike an individual note. Raleigh stands halfway between Spenser and Donne, and misses the weaknesses of either. He is neither garrulous nor contorted, but simple, direct, and vigorous. A short specimen comes to hand in the following lines, which may serve also to confute the *canard* of Archbishop Abbot that Raleigh "questioned God's being and omnipotence":

"Even such is time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust!"

As a satirist, too, Raleigh had a mordant wit. "The Lie" is unequalled in its generation, and the epitaph on the Earl of Leicester provoked King James to a devout hope that the author would not outlive him; a contingency, by the way, which he took measures, at a later period, to ensure.

POETRY AND PREFACES.

Optimus, and Other Poems. By M. R. S. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.)

A Divan of the Dales. By Swithin Saint Swithaine. (Digby, Long & Co.)

Fugitive Lines. By Henry Jerome Stockard. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Selections from the Poems of Timothy Otis Paine. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Saul: a Tragedy; and Other Poems. By Paul John. (Mowbray & Co.)

The Book of Tophi. By J. A. Goodchild. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.)

SHALL the poet be known by his preface? Lord Tennyson gave the affirmative. He went so far as to harbour a theory that a poet could be so known, even without regard to the quality of the preface, by its quantity alone. His own prose words, by way of explanation, were of the fewest; and when he took up the books which every younger poet save one sent to him, he had a habit of regarding any preface at all as a sure mark of minority; and by inverse ratio he roughly measured its length against the merit of the verse it heralded. The critic, especially the critic with a batch of off-season books of verse before him, may amuse himself by seeing how far astray so ready a method of reckoning may take him. A bird is known by its feathers; but not the bird's singing by its feathers. The poet himself is known by his preface; and, if his singing also is known by it, you have the double interest in the comparative study of the poetic and the human.

The plumages of the author of "Optimus" are at first sight a little perplexing. Her portrait, an adorning frontispiece, showing a fine maternal figure, certified at the age of thirty-three, is signed "Yours, with loving memories, The Author." The title-page, more confiding, assigns the authorship to "M. R. S."; and the binding, with an outburst of confidence, lets out the whole, M. R. Steadman. This coyness is carried out in the page which the author calls "Preface," but which conceals also a dedication: "I dedicate this collection of verses to my school-girls," it begins. The patient reader will learn that these school-girls were, rather than are; the author parted with them "in our Lecture Hall at Eastbourne in 1895." As for the verses, they were written so long ago as between the years 1858 and 1869. Indeed, the author, now nothing coy, gives the individual date of each, as well as the name of the town that saw its birth, Leyton, Cromer, Woodford, and the rest. The old pupils, she thinks, "will not look for either artistic perfection or intellectual greatness in these verses, as when I wrote them I was, perhaps, too young to write well." Further frankness discovers to the reader that the reason for the publication of these verses at last is that the author is "not very well off for money," and that money is needed to carry on a good work which this book may therefore help; a pathetic piece of human optimism, surely. There is a second reason, which is that "having just read them over, after they have

been locked away in an old box so many years, they have touched my heart, old as that heart is, and I should like to share them with younger hearts to-day." You may know exactly the quality of the poetry that is so explained. The preface is no superfluous; for the verse, sentimental, facile, and not profitable for quotation, would not stand alone.

The verses of the author of *A Divan of the Dales*, which come to us prefaceless, reach a much higher mark of execution, all to the confirmation of the Tennysonian legend. We have, however, a rhymed poem, in which the author appears at his worst, a dedication, in which he is unequal. The directness of the inscription to his mother—

"For thou hast taught me more in deed,
Than I may hope to teach in word"—

does not find an answering sanity in the companion lines:

"Since thou art worthier than a lord,
That owns a thousand-acred herd."

The first poem, "Micah," is the best. It is a story of misunderstood love, hackneyed in fact, but fresh in feeling. We take from it an allusion to autumn:

"And with the falling of the light,
The creeper died upon the porch;
The sun was low by day; the torch
Upon the window flared at night.

"The apple tumbled from the tree;
The orchard bowed unto the ground;
A sigh was heard in every sound
Upon the land, upon the sea.

"The leaves fell curling in the air;
The flowers lay down upon the grass;
And Nature covered up her face
While death was walking over her."

In such poems as "The Fellowship of Men," this poet with a name that is too fanciful for serious quotation shows himself a serious person; although, of course, he is doing little more than diffusing, in two ways, the motive of Rossetti's sonnet on "Refusal of Aid Between Nations."

Mr. Stockard's pretty little volume from the Knickerbocker Press is unprelaced, and has the briefest of dedications—"To my wife." The verses are all to the point, if it is only a little one. If they are not imaginative or even fanciful, they are never mawkish or foolish. Our preference for quotation lies with lines that incidentally show the author to be modest and to know the man with whom lies mastery:

"My fountain-pen with which I write
This would-be poetry to-night
Was bought me by my children dear
With pennies picked up here and there,
Each one contributing a mite.

"And now they claim that, in their sight,
I make a rondeau to requite
Them for the present given me here—
My fountain-pen.

"O, Muse! I'm in a sorry plight.
Come to my aid! Help me indite
The lines they crave, for I declare
That fitting thoughts are nowhere near.
For once endow with Dobson's sleight
My fountain-pen."

From the same Press come the *Selections from the Poems of Timothy Otis Paine*, a

volume of which the preface is the main-spring. The late writer of the verses, who was a pastor and an archaeologist, is introduced to us by a member of his family, "S. W. P.," in words that are endearing. Mr. Paine was an enthusiastic student of the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*; of the arrangement of the speaking stones of Solomon's Temple; of "the visions of God in Ezekiel, and in them I do know something—near—I know Ezekiel's heart." He knew other things, for he looked Nature straight in the face. "He even caught the reflection of a violet in the clear eyes of the grazing cow." Rather than quote one of the simple and not exceptionally observant stanzas, we take another sentence from the discreet preface, in allusion to the life of use and of enthusiasm which the poet led: "No more could this life be attained had he not had a home in which he found perfect sympathy, rest, and renewal; a home where he received as he gave, and where he still gives from beyond."

Of *Saul: a Tragedy*, there need be nothing said except that its publication is one, although no preface in this case strikes any note of friendly warning. In *The Book of Tophi*, Mr. J. A. Goodchild, in a preface which is all pertinent and informing, declares that his

"own rough and erroneous reproduction of the main features of a story which has deeply influenced the national, clerical, and literary history not merely of Celtdom, but of all non-Sclavonic Europe, is chiefly based upon the excellent modern translations of Messrs. Standish O'Grady, Whitty [sic] Stokes, and others."

He has made good use of his material, with a ready command of diction that accords well with it. To Maistie comes a guest, "a Canaanite from the South." This is Grisbane, who is thus described:

"A poppy bloomed in her mouth;
Her eyes danced sapphire sparkles. A baal-fire gleamed in her hair
Of ruby and gold and amber, for the woman was very fair,
Skilled in the twisting of tiars or stringing gems for the neck,
And her own was white as hawthorn. On her snowy arms no speck
Was discerned on their round whiteness; but evil of heart was she,
And skilled in unholy cunning, knowing the fruit of the tree
Which is harmful, and herbs that are deadly, and fashioning charms thereof
To slay the spirit of man or kindle his soul to love."

Mr. Goodchild is equal to the task of producing a narrative 250 pages long in rhymed language as competent as that.

An excellent anthology of our national lyrical poetry is published on the authority of a Transatlantic student, Mr. Frederic Ives Carpenter, Lecturer on English Literature at the University of Chicago. His *English Lyrical Poetry* (Blackie & Sons) does not pass beyond the two rich centuries, 1500 to 1700, during which the chorus of lyricism was multitudinous—silence, complete or merely interrupted, keeping both gates of

that vocal bower. It is only of late years that the general reader has been asked to take a literary interest in any but the greater names among the Elizabethan, Jacobean, and Caroline poets. Mr. Palgrave, with his *Golden Treasury*, moved scores of volumes from the upper shelves to the drawing-room table; but he seemed to be somewhat shy of trusting much to the reader's care for those former centuries, so that the nineteenth century takes up a proportionally large space of his small volume. Later anthologists do well to show more courage and to give readers credit for having liberal admiration and interest ready for the work of poets whose names they had not been educated to revere and had indeed hardly heard years ago—Thomas Campion and Henry Vaughan among the number. The work of the anthologist is of twofold value. He gains readers for what ought to be read, and indirectly he cuts off what ought not to be read, and makes it unnecessary, for young students at any rate, to touch the pitch that lies thick upon the words of nine out of ten of our older lyrists. From this Mr. Carpenter, who rightly has not feared to print Spenser's "Epithalamion," of course keeps his book free, and in the literary sense his choice is excellent, erring, if at all, by too much inclusion—a safe fault.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE FREE LIBRARY.

The Free Library: its History and Present Condition. By John J. Ogle. (George Allen.)

MR. OGLE's book is the first volume of "The Library Series." The lay reader may be pardoned for thinking it "dry" on sight, but not for failing in an honest attempt to extract interest from its pages. At the outset Mr. Ogle removes, without specifically proposing to do so, the common impression that Free Libraries owe their existence to a mere Act of Parliament passed forty years ago. We are not a spasmodic people, and it would be strange if free libraries had dropped from the clouds, or been devised on a sudden by a few gentlemen with an idea. To glance back on the history of libraries in this country is to see Free Libraries coming far along the road. By the beginning of the seventeenth century private owners of libraries had become not only numerous, but generous. Norwich received a library by bequest in 1608. Five years later Bristol was given a library by Dr. Toby Matthew, Archbishop of York, and by citizen Robert Redwood. It is there to this day. Leicester has had a Free Library since 1632, which still does its work, though not under the Free Libraries Act adopted by that town in 1870.

Moreover, Free Libraries were actually proposed two centuries ago. In 1699 one James Kirkwood, a Scottish minister, issued anonymously (the scheme was, perhaps, too magnificent for signature) "An Overture for Founding and Maintaining of Bibliotheks in every Paroch throughout the Kingdom." It is amusing to note

that three years later the same gentleman issued a pamphlet of a less ambitious scope: this was merely "A Copy of a Letter anent a Project for Erecting a Library in every Presbytery or at least County in the Highlands." It is nothing less than surprising to find that Kirkwood's efforts resulted in a resolution, passed in 1704 by the General Assembly "about the ordering and preserving of libraries in the Highlands and Islands." We may be mistaken, but we doubt if this has been noted by the various editors of Johnson's *Tour in the Hebrides*; yet few facts throw more light on the culture which surprised Johnson in Scotland, and made his visit so acceptable in its remotest districts.

A curious and accidental development in the history of Free Libraries also took place in England. Dr. Bray, founder of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, happened to be collecting funds for sending missionaries to America. He was told (and the significant thing is simply that "he was told") that England wanted libraries more than Americans wanted missionaries. Wiser than Mrs. Jellyby, he gave heed to this council, which "led him to collect funds for and establish libraries in various parts of the country while persecuting his mission work." These and similar facts brought forward by Mr. Ogle are really new to the public, whose knowledge of library history in the eighteenth century is confined to the foundation of the British Museum. This event, of course, had a great forwarding influence on the establishment of local public libraries. The Commission on Free Libraries, which sat from 1849 to 1851, was directly influenced from Great Russell Street.

Later, Lyceums and Athenæums were born up and down the country. The Liverpool Lyceum, which still flourishes, was founded in 1758, only five years after the British Museum. Mr. Ogle mentions the system of village libraries, which obtained in Scotland quite early in the present century. The plan was a curious anticipation of some proposals made by Mr. Stead a year or two ago, to send boxes, each containing fifty books, from village to village. The multiplication of Mechanics' Institutes in the twenties, thirties, and forties of the present century was such that on the very eve of the Free Library era they numbered four hundred, and possessed between 300,000 and 400,000 books, with a lending circulation of more than a million. This, be it remembered, was twenty-one years before Compulsory Education. In 1850 came Ewart's Act, which provided for the erection of free libraries under the same conditions as museums, but so far as the Act went the museums were left without specimens and the libraries without books. The expansion and perfecting of the Free Library system after this date are the subject of Mr. Ogle's four succeeding chapters. It is curious to note the order in which the towns of the United Kingdom have adopted the Free Library Acts. Norwich led the way; it adopted Ewart's Act, two months after it was passed, by a huge majority. Who would have supposed that Winchester would have taken the second place in the procession of adoptions? Yet it did, to be followed by

Bolton, Manchester, Oxford, Liverpool, Blackburn, Sheffield, Cambridge and Ipswich. The first London adoption took place in 1856 in Westminster. Seventeen years elapsed before a second Metropolitan Free Library was heard of at Wandsworth. Fifty-one London parishes, forming thirty-six "areas of adoption," have now come into the fold, but the unwilling ones include the wealthy districts of St. Marylebone, St. Pancras, St. Mary, Islington, Paddington and St. James. Glasgow now provides the most flagrant case of rejection. But the rejecting towns show like patches of sand that turn themselves into futile and temporary islands as the tide rushes on.

Mr. Ogle has made a rather poor attempt to state who are the authors most favoured in various libraries. Many librarians, he says, assert that it is not possible to name the six most popular authors in their libraries. Concerning the tastes of London readers, we have a not very convincing note to the effect that "probably" Mrs. Wood and Miss Corelli lead the way in Fiction, and that of serious writers Carlyle, Ruskin, Darwin, and Dean Farrar are most read; the tastes of provincial readers are seldom noted. But Mr. Ogle has given a full yet succinct account of a great and rapid movement, and to his brother librarians his book will be useful as a compendious history of their profession.

A NAVAL HANDBOOK.

Naval Gunnery. By Capt. H. Garbett, R.N. (George Bell & Sons.)

THE fourth volume of the interesting series of "Navy Handbooks" which Messrs. George Bell are publishing has at last appeared, nearly six months later than it had been expected. The reason for the delay, however, is clearly apparent. The book is larger and, in a sense, more ambitious than its predecessors. Whereas the volumes dealing with Engines and Torpedoes extended each to about 260 pp., the Handbook on *Naval Gunnery*, which Capt. Garbett has just written, fills no less than one hundred pages more, and is illustrated with a very large number of photographs and diagrams. The increase in size, however, was, perhaps, inevitable. The Science of Naval Gunnery is divided into so many departments, and covers such a large field of knowledge, that the wonder is that Capt. Garbett has managed to deal properly with it in so small a space. It must be remembered that ammunition and ordnance, not to mention other numerous subjects, each fill voluminous service text-books, and this is the first occasion in which any serious attempt has been made to condense all these subjects into the compass of one small volume. The author has certainly succeeded in his task to a remarkable degree, and we confidently predict that his book will be gratefully welcomed by the service at large, and more especially by those officers who from time to time are called upon to go through a "short course" on the *Excellent* or *Cambridge*. The navy is full of science, and our ships are nothing

less than huge boxes of intricate machinery, while every day finds the education of a naval officer becoming more and more arduous. The handbooks which Messrs. Bell are now publishing will thus prove of the greatest assistance, for while saving a harassing study of the service text-books, they will afford as complete an insight into the different departments of naval science as any officer, except the specialists, can ever hope to obtain. At the same time, that largely increasing portion of the general public who now take a keen interest in naval matters, will find in the book a plainly written description of one of the most interesting and important features of naval warfare.

Nine chapters are devoted to the subject of guns, beginning with the ancient cannon, or "crakys of war" of the time of Edward III., and continuing right on through the history of ordnance up to the latest development of quick-firing gun. The author, however, very wisely refrains from attempting to deal to any full extent with the older patterns, but instead brings his readers quickly to a consideration of the latter-day muzzle-loaders, many of which are still to be found on board our second-class battle-ships, and the different forms of breech-loading guns. It was not until 1864 that any serious attempt was made to increase the penetration and power of our guns, but in that year, owing to the adoption of armour-plating to war vessels, it became absolutely necessary for an advance to be made. After a long series of experiments, smooth-bore ordnance was finally condemned to make way for rifled guns, and at last, in 1879, the breech-loading system was properly introduced. Since then the science of gunnery has advanced by leaps and bounds. Perhaps its greatest triumph is the feat performed lately by wire-wound guns at Shoeburyness, which when placed at an elevation of 40° can fire a shell to a height of three miles, and hit at a distance of twelve miles, the time of flight taking just over a minute! To those who have a taste for mechanics the book should be of absorbing interest. The delicate working of the breech mechanism, the process of gun manufacture, the ingenious methods of loading, the construction of different forms of fuses, and many other triumphs of mechanical skill are dealt with in an elementary and plainly worded manner.

The chapters on powder and projectiles are also brought well up-to-date, though the one dealing with armour necessarily omits any mention of the wonderful trials recently carried out with a special nickel-steel plate four inches thick, when projectiles fired from a five-inch breech-loading gun, with a muzzle velocity of 1,406 feet per second, simply splashed on its face without effecting any indentation whatever. The science of naval gunnery is a fascinating subject for anyone who takes the trouble to master it even to a merely elementary degree, and Captain Garbett's book will enable the average reader to do this in the pleasantest manner possible. The excellent style of printing and illustration which formed such an attractive feature in the earlier volumes is fully maintained in this latest one.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

The English Constitution: a Commentary on its Nature and Growth. By Jesse Macy, M.A., Professor of Political Science in Iowa College. (Macmillan & Co.)

THIS work is an attempt to translate into American forms of speech standard English descriptions of the British Constitution, and is the result of the author's experience in trying to interest American college students in the study of the political institutions of the mother-country. The book suffers somewhat from the necessity under which Mr. Macy finds himself of constantly reminding his hearers that Great Britain is, after all, a free country, and this leads him somewhat to under-rate the influence which is exercised in our public affairs both by the Crown and the House of Lords. Still, he has much to say which is of interest and value for the English reader. The stress which is laid on certain phases of our political system serves to emphasise in a new way the importance of the changes in which the nation has learned to acquiesce. To take an obvious instance—the exercise by Parliament of both executive and legislative powers is a startling novelty to the American student, and a treatment of this subject which is adequate in his case can hardly help leaving the British reader with some clearer ideas on the subject. Again, take a case which is less familiar—the controlling power which the American courts so constantly exercise over both the Federal and State Legislatures. The contrast between the direct action of the American courts and the indirect powers of English judges, through their powers of interpreting a statute, forces the British reader to reflect, as perhaps he has not done before, upon the precise limitations within which judge-made law exists in England, and then to recognise that even this apparently distinctive feature of the American Constitution, the power of a court of competent jurisdiction to veto the action of the Legislatures, has a British origin. The chapters are not of equal value, but the book as a whole may be commended as a thoughtful and scholarly piece of work.

The Worship of Lucifer. By Mina Sandeman. (Digby, Long & Co.)

AN attempt to exploit further the doings of the imaginary sect of Satanists upon which M. Huysmans has already founded a powerful, unpleasant romance. One Perkyns, a South African millionaire, hires a haunted grange for the greater convenience of the worship of Satan, being instigated thereto by his companion, a Roman Catholic priest, who has rid himself of his orders by the simple process of "sending in" his resignation. At its lodge gates stands a small house containing the virtuous heroine and her aunt, a vinegar-cruet of quality. Perkyns and the priest try to evoke Satan by magic ceremonies, but get no manifestations superior to those of the usual medium-attended *séances*. The priest thinks that, for imperfectly explained reasons, the evocations will be more successful "if a virtuous girl

would consent to grace them with her presence." He therefore drugs a cup of coffee and gives it to the heroine, who has taken shelter in the grange from a thunder-storm and has stopped to afternoon tea. The lady becomes insensible and is carried into the evocatory chapel by the priest and his accomplice, but the result is disappointing. Satan remains invisible, and in his stead appears a globe of white light which tells the two Satanists that there is no devil, and calls upon them to "turn over a new leaf." Later, the priest accidentally poisons himself, and Mr. Perkyns, to avoid the bother of an inquest, buries him and his portmanteau in the shrubbery. He then abjures Satanism, and pursues the heroine with an eye to matrimony. She foils him by accepting a young lord who is staying with her aunt after "doing the London season," and he is punished for his past sins by a match with a farmer's widow.

The author of this feeble book is, apparently, a spiritualist, but is not otherwise well qualified for the task she has set herself. She calls a thurible a crucible and the Satanists Luciferians—though the latter name belongs to another order of fiction. Her English is distinctly slipshod, and she shows but a very slight knowledge of the habits of the class to which her principal characters are supposed to belong.

Familiar Wild Flowers. Figured and Described by F. E. Hulme. First Series. (Cassell & Co.)

THIS little volume deserves much commendation. Considered merely as a description of some fifty of the commonest flowers of the country, it will form a useful help to those who are desirous of knowing something of English wild plants. But Mr. Hulme has put together such interesting accounts of the associations suggested by these flowers, and opened so many by-roads of research, that it forms a book very likely to induce the student to take up botany, or some branch of it, to his great satisfaction. The wild flowers of England have indeed been keenly studied, but much yet remains to be learnt respecting them, while Mr. Darwin's works show with what facility they afford numberless problems by their distribution and character. This book naturally consists of two parts—the forty-four coloured engravings, and their descriptions. Save in the most expensive hand-painted pictures, plates of bird and plant life are apt to be too bright. Shades of colour are difficult to obtain for process-pictures. Thus the pink tints of willow herbs and persicurias are not in Mr. Hulme's engravings quite true to nature, while the leaves of the primrose and arum are too metallic. On the other hand, the plates are always characteristic and truthful in their pose, while the delicacy of the meadow crane's bill petals is excellently caught. The knapweed, again, is so faithful a representation that no one could mistake it. As for the letterpress, it gives just the points which a beginner requires, wastes no space in sentimental writing, and touches on many points of interest connected with each flower. Thus folk-lore and folk-medicine, the lore contained in the

etymology of plant-names, quotations from the old herbalists, the truth about the Glastonbury thorn, the kindred ties between the foreign *ipomoea purga* and *convolvulus scammonia* and our own bindweed are dwelt upon as instances of the associations of English wild plants. This book ought to foster botanical research, and is highly creditable to Mr. Hulme.

Mohammedanism: Has it any Future? By the Rev. Charles H. Robinson. (Gardner, Darton & Co.)

A LITTLE book by the "Ripon Diocesan Missioner," and made up, apparently, of lectures delivered within that diocese. The author wishes us to believe that Islam is in a moribund condition, and that Christianity is everywhere its superior as a civilising institution. His arguments are founded on assertions rather than on facts, for M. Binger, one of the very few travellers whom he quotes in support of his contention, sums up against it. Surely, too, Mr. Robinson gives away his case when, in the effort to be impartial, he says: "In the comparatively few cases in which it (*i.e.*, Mohammedanism) has succeeded in gaining an influence over cannibals or degraded savages, it has undoubtedly raised them to a much higher level of civilisation, and it has done this more rapidly perhaps than Christianity would have done it." The English admirers of Islam have never, so far as we know, made any higher claim on its behalf.

Mr. Robinson was sent in 1892 as an envoy from the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Armenian Church. We suppose this must be his apology for his description of the Sultan of Turkey as "a ruler who has brought more dishonour to the name of Islam than perhaps any other Mohammedan whom it would be possible to name." We are sorry that the Bishop of Ripon, by contributing an introduction to the present volume, should appear to warrant so absurdly exaggerated a statement about the head of the Mohammedan world and an ally of the Queen.

Creation with Development or Evolution. By J. Dudley R. Hewitt. (Kegan Paul.)

CAPTAIN HEWITT, late of the Royal Navy, is now resident in New Zealand. He is very much shocked by the system of secular education in vogue in that island. He has also read Mr. Samuel Laing's *Modern Science and Modern Thought*, and is very much shocked by that. Hence this farrago of fallacious logic and ill-digested fact in which Captain Hewitt runs a tilt at "such intellectual giants as Darwin, Huxley, Tindall, Laing, and others," and asserts his belief that evolution is development controlled by design. Captain Hewitt's qualifications for his task may be gauged from the following innocent admission:

"Now we take up 'development,' but without any special knowledge of it, and, fortunately or unfortunately, without access to the works of writers on the subject; but through magazine articles, &c., we have a sort of idea that Herbert Spencer is the apostle of the theory that the germ may be altered by its environment."

He has "definite views as to the distinction between soul and spirit" in which he has been confirmed by Bishop Hadfield; and he believes that the spiritual life may be symbolised by electricity: "the soft iron core is the heart, the currents in primary and secondary coils are the ideas circulating round the heart, strengthened by power from the heart when brought in close contact with the source of all spiritual power." This view depends on the acceptance of "thought as being the passage of impressions from the brain to the heart," a theory which we believe that modern anatomy does not entertain. Capt. Hewitt also believes in pre-Adamite races, and has a private corollary that Cain adopted plant-worship and Abel animal-worship. Such books are unfortunate results of the spread of education, but a believer in final causes may take comfort that his philosophy does not depend on the babblings of an ignorant sea-captain.

The Pursuit of the House Boat. By J. K. Bangs. (Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.)

FOR the right appreciation of Mr. Bangs's book one ought, we understand, to have read the work which preceded it—*A House Boat on the Styx*. This we have not done, nor, we must admit, do we wish to. Mr. Bangs's humour is of that immature kind which relies for its effect upon bringing together irreconcilable people. In these pages we find Socrates and Sherlock Holmes, Noah's wife and Dr. Johnson, Sir Walter Raleigh and Delilah, and the shades of a score of other real and fictitious persons, jostling each other and exchanging intensely modern jargon. The fun of such juxtaposition is soon exhausted, and after that Mr. Bangs gives us nothing. He has made hardly an effort to reproduce or parody the conversational manner of his figures, and the remarks that they make are very mildly amusing. On the other hand, we have nothing but praise for Mr. Peter Newell's illustrations, which are comically and weirdly grotesque and genuinely humorous. Mr. Peter Newell is a draughtsman of whom we hope to see more. A little of Mr. J. K. Bangs goes a very long way.

The Oxford Debate on the Textual Criticism of the New Testament. (George Bell & Sons.)

THE report of a debate held at New College between two opposing schools of New Testament critics. One, with which the Bishop of Durham and the late Prof. Hort are identified, contends that the greater part of the existing MSS. contain a revised and not the original text; the other, championed by the late Dean Burgon and Prebendary Miller, that the same MSS. represent with substantial accuracy the original documents "as they issued from the pens" of the writers of the New Testament. The debate appears to have been conducted with much learning and good temper, to have arrived at no conclusion whatever, and to have been brought to a premature close by the college dinner-bell.

THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1897.

NEW NOVELS.

From the Land of the Snow Pearls. By Ella Higginson.
(Macmillan.)

I confess that I open a book with the imprimatur of American success upon it with as much fear as pleasurable expectation; there is as much chance of being set shuddering by terrible and ear-racking phrases as of finding character crisply and sympathetically developed. Such a title as *From the Land of the Snow Pearls* suggests nothing to English ears, but having reconciled myself to it the reward was assured.

It is not necessary to know anything of Puget Sound, of Sehome or Oregon City, or the great snow mountains to be sure that Miss Higginson has observed truly and well. These stories are of a simple people, simply told—people who have an ambition to possess frigid “front rooms” and organs, who work hard in field and kitchen, and have all the jealousies that move the greater world; but they have also the primary virtues, and both are set before us with appreciation and skill.

The longest story, “A Point of Knuckling Down,” is perhaps the firmest in workmanship. Everything was going smoothly in the love matters of Emarine Endey and Orville Palmer until Miss Presley came to bring discord into the Endey household by gossip concerning Orville’s mother:

“Then Mis’ Parmer just up an’ said with a tantalisin’ laugh that if you didn’t like the a-commodations at her house, you needn’t to come there. Said she never did like you, anyways, ner anybody else that set their heels down the way you set your’n. Said she’d had it all out with Orville, an’ he’d promised her faithful that if there wa’ any knucklin’ down to be done you’d be the one to do it, an’ not her.

Then Emarine broke off the engagement and became ill, and after a time Orville repented, and called round to say so. Said Emarine’s mother: ‘I reckon we’d best settle all about your mother before we go in there, Orville Parmer.’

‘What about ‘er?’ His tone was miserable, his defiance was short-lived.

‘Why, there’s no use ‘n your goin’ in there unless you’re ready to promise that you’ll give Emarine the whip-hand over your mother. You best make up your mind.’

‘It’s made up,’ said the young fellow desperately. ‘Lord Almighty, Mis’ Endey, it’s made up!’

At which Emarine promptly recovered and married him. But the Palmer household became a battle-field, and finally poor old Mrs. Palmer was driven forth to live alone; and Orville, true to his promise, let her go. At last, however, Emarine’s love for her husband wins, and she goes secretly to the old lady and invites her to the Christmas dinner.

“You set right down, Mother Parmer, an’ let me take your things. Orville don’t know you’re coming, an’ I just want to see his face when he comes in. Here’s a new black shawl for your Christmas. . . . Oh, my, don’t go to cryin’! Here comes Orville.”

She stepped aside quickly. When her husband entered his eyes fell instantly on his mother, weeping childishly over the new shawl. She was in the old splint rocking-chair with the high back. ‘Mother!’ he cried; then he gave a frightened, tortured glance at his wife. Emarine smiled at him, but it was through tears.

‘Emarine ast me, Orville; she ast me to dinner o’ herself! An’ she give me this shawl. I’m—cryin’—fer—joy.’

‘I ast her to dinner,’ said Emarine, ‘but she ain’t ever goin’ back again. She’s goin’ to stay. I expect we’ve both had enough of a lesson to do us.’

But it is difficult to quote from work of this kind, in which atmosphere and delicate observation count for so much. The stories are in no sense great, they make no claim to greatness, but within their limits they are so much better than the ordinary short story that I am glad to give them praise.

A Rash Verdict. By Leslie Keith.
(Bentley.)

I do not feel able to seriously defend the plot of *A Rash Verdict*. It is too wildly artificial for anything but a farce, and the manner of Leslie Keith is the antipodes of the farcical. A rich merchant leaves his niece a fortune on the condition that she shall not marry a certain young man whom she has never seen or heard of. This is the merchant’s revenge because the young man differed from him about the morality of a business transaction. Of course, the only possible outcome is that Margaret Thrale and Marcus Gale should meet accidentally, fall in love at once, and ultimately renounce the fortune for the joys of a crust and a cottage. They do meet, but one only falls in love: Margaret, who believes in her uncle, thinks that the young man must have done something very bad to get his name mentioned in the will like that, and refuses to admit him even to friendship. The breaking down of this prejudice proves rather a thin peg to hang a couple of volumes upon. Fortunately the merit of the book does not in the least depend upon the plot. Leslie Keith has a distinct gift of suggesting character, and a serene way of regarding life, whether from the humorous or the sentimental side, which takes my fancy. I have found her a good antidote to a pretentious novel, of the kind which gets a postcard from Mr. Gladstone. Leslie Keith, to be sure, has much to learn in her art; but she has at least two good qualities—a quiet eye and an unaffected love for the things that are more excellent in nature and in life. Margaret Thrale is good all through, with her gropings after the way of life, her attempts to reach knowledge by means of visits to the British Museum, and usefulness by means of slumming in the East-end. Some of these experiences give an opportunity to Leslie Keith’s sense of humour. Margaret has penetrated, with a sense of awe, to the great reading-room in Bloomsbury.

“In the dressing-room, where she went to hang up her hat, she received a chill; for there a stout lady, whose mind ought surely to have been bent on graver matters, was discoursing upon a sole—a fried sole with browned potatoes, served on the best china, and kept warm by a silver cover, all for the sum of one shilling—on which she had that day dined, and a young lady, throwing down a thick notebook and stumpy pencil, had tripped to the glass, and was bent seemingly on the nice adjustment of a string of blue beads, and the placing of a telling little bow in her curly locks. Margaret felt that they ought to have been above such small weaknesses, and did not permit herself a single glance at the mirror as she passed out, and took her way to the glass door, behind which, as it seemed to her, all the wisdom of the ages was stored.”

In the description of Margaret’s country home, her old-fashioned garden, and the sometime Tudor palace close by, Leslie Keith shows a power of dainty description, of insight into some of the more intimate relations of things which is not altogether common in books of the kind. I should like to see her leave this sort of novel alone, and try her hand at some more subtle form of literature. I fancy she could write an essay.

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In Camp and Cantonment: Stories of Foreign Service. By
Edith E. Cuthell. (Hurst & Blackett.)

These stories may delight some; they delight not me; they remind me too much of Mr. Kipling’s—by contrast. For here we have the frivolous, flirtatious, champagne-popping side of Indian life unrelieved by any of those notes of greatness and tragedy which are as a refrain to Mr. Kipling’s most rollicking tales. For anything so true and deep and memorable as *The Story of the Gadsbys* I should not, of course, have looked; but I should have expected some suggestion of the intimate and beautiful side of Anglo-Indian life

revealed in that story. Not that there is no death or cholera in Mrs. Outhell's stories, nor any hint of fighting. Her first story is called "The Camp of the Shadow of Death," but the title is not deserved by this tale of picnicking and tennis and theatricals in the hills, this rather sordid love-story with its "Soiled Dove" making mischief between her old admirer and his new love, with its scheming mother of a silly girl, and its cheaply sudden *dénouement*:

"Ashton Gray's tent was left standing alone, but by evening it also had been struck, and there was a new-made grave in the mango grove. Posie Pryne cried herself nearly ill, and almost ugly. The theatricals had to be put off for quite a week."

The story of "The General's Glass Eye" is a poor attempt at a humorous love story. General the Honourable Stacy Wymerell and Charlie Clarke, A.D.C., are each bent on winning the hand of a young American widow, to whom Cairo presented itself as a happy hunting ground in her search for a second husband. The General keeps an assortment of glass eyes—a fierce one for parade, a jovial eye for dinner, and so on; and the story tells how the little A.D.C. cut out the big General at a dance by entering the General's bedroom and abstracting his dancing eye. The result was that the General appeared at the dance wearing his parade eye, and the widow fled to the A.D.C. for permanent protection. This kind of thing does not amuse me, even when I find it in Charles Lever.

"Bullied by a Bull" is better. Weevor, a visitor to the station at Shikapur, and a suitor, there, for the hand of Kitty Bligh, has made himself so obnoxious to the regiment by his boasts of his property, his horses and pheasants (they were poor and proud at Shikapur), that everyone was praying for his departure, and, notably, "the boy," a gallant young officer, the pet of the mess, and the favoured suitor of Kitty, as Weevor was of Kitty's mother. Weevor's collapse came about one day when he started off to shoot black buck. His non-return was causing some curiosity when Dickens, the magistrate, drove up, crying: "I say, you fellows! Is the colonel in? Or Robertson" (our adjutant)? "Here's your friend—what's his name—Wee—Wee—vor been getting into the very deuce of a mess! The police at Gowka Thana have sent in to me. They've got him there!" There Weevor is found, sitting in the Thana, looking very disconsolate, and a good deal frightened, for against the window were pressed the faces of angry and jabbering *ryots*. It turned out that Weevor had suspended his deer-stalking to take a nap under a bush, and on waking had seen, as he believed, a huge bull bison, which he shot through the chest.

"'You didn't know there were any bison so near, did you, now?' he added, turning to Riversden and the magistrate, with an air of superiority.

Old Dickens wagged his beard at him for a moment in silence.

'Bison be blowed!' he said, at last. 'Do you know what you've done, boy? You've shot the sacred Brahmin bull of Gowka! This is a Hindoo village,' he went on, 'and I wonder they didn't tear you limb from limb!' he added, waving to the angry black faces outside the windows.

Poor Weevor looked at them and shuddered.

'Good Lord!' he said. 'Not a bison? What have I done?'

'The sacred bull, sir,' continued Dickens, in his most impressive manner, 'blessed by the priest as a calf, and allowed to run about tame, feeding when and how it likes from the *bunias*' grain baskets or their stalls, from the ripe crops—anything, anywhere. Not a soul would touch a hair of its head. And now,' he added, 'to get you out of this!'

Such stories will pass as holiday reading.

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Where the Surf Breaks. By Mary F. A. Trench.
(Hurst & Blackett.)

This book makes no pretensions to being a story. It is a series of reminiscences, mainly of old servants, family retainers, and Irish villagers. In its attention to excessive detail it reminds me of the diary written by the conscientious sister at sea for perusal at home. Its virtue is its simplicity; its fault is its tediousness. This sort of thing, continued for 300 pages, tends to irritation:

"'What's the good of killing the poor little wretches, Essie?' she would say. 'They're so few of them that they wouldn't be a mouthful apiece, and they're very happy swimming about here. How would we

like some great monster to come and put a net over us and stick us in a pot of boiling water while we were alive! It's just the same thing.'

But what my cousin enjoyed as much, if not more than shrimping, was to stand on a rock either like Canute commanding the sea to come no further, or else spouting 'po-o-o-etry,' as Fred expressed it. How well I remember one morning—"

And so on. A vein of innocent triviality is excusable enough in chapter i., but it pervades the book from cover to cover—this particular passage is taken from chapter xviii.—not that we do not meet occasional flashes of genuine wit and pathos, and fugitive scraps of anecdote. But the truth is, that, except for the friends to whom the volume is dedicated, and for students of the Irish dialect, it has no real interest.

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Ill-Gotten Gold. By W. G. Tarbet.
(Cassell & Co.)

Ill-Gotten Gold opens excellently, and the first chapter or two really shows considerable dramatic power and skill in introducing the theme of the story. The characters, too, of the old lord and his faithful retainer, Maxwell, are very ably indicated. Unhappily, the rest of the book is disappointing, and the firm, careful touch of the earlier chapters seems to give place to a more cursory style of treatment. The plot is not well managed, and more might have been made of it if the author had gripped his subject better and worked it out more strongly. As it is, the story is crowded with incidents, many of which have slight bearing on the main thread of the narrative, while as pictures of events they are too often "scamped." *Ill-Gotten Gold*, in fact, lacks construction. But it will probably interest younger readers.

MR. STEAD ON MARK TWAIN.

From Mr. Stead's very timely and readable character-sketch of Mark Twain in the *Review of Reviews* we quote the following remarks on Mark Twain as a man of letters:

"Mark Twain was not educated for a literary career, nor was he passed through the curriculum of the colleges. He graduated in the university of the world, in which he entered as a freshman at the early age of thirteen, when he was apprenticed to a printer. From the composing-stick to the wheel of a Mississippi steamboat, and from the Great River to the Great Desert, and the silver mines of Nevada—these were his class-rooms. He is a graduate of the Far West. Born in Florida, trained on the Mississippi, he took his degree in the Rockies, made his first mark as a descriptive writer as special correspondent in the Sandwich Islands, and first achieved fame in his humorous description of the Old World, as seen by this most modern of all the children of the newest West. Few men have had more ups and downs. He has experienced almost every extreme of good and ill fortune. He has confronted the temptation to commit suicide when he had only a ten-cent piece in his pocket, he has been one of the wealthiest of authors, and he is once more in financial straits, facing the difficulties like a man confident now as ever of coming out on top.

And as the result of this rich and varied experience Mark Twain, altogether apart from his humour, has developed a literary genius which entitles him to rank in the forefront of contemporary authors. Mr. Howells, who is no mean judge, declares he 'portrays and interprets real types not only with exquisite appreciation and sympathy, but with a force and truth of drawing that makes them permanent.' If the literary man is he who alone can express things in words so that they live before the eye of the readers, Mark Twain is one of the first literary men of his day. For vivid portraiture of men and things it would be difficult to find his equal. His description of the way in which the coyote is hunted over the plains is an excellent illustration of his peculiar talent. The coyote, or wolf of the plains, he says, first fools the dog by allowing him to keep within a few feet of his rear. But when the dog grows desperate and makes a sprint, 'forthwith there is a rushing sound, and the sudden splitting of a long crack through the atmosphere, and behold, that dog is solitary and alone in the midst of a vast solitude.' In another vein, but not less effective, is the

little sketch of the significance of a cat as an element or character of a house:

'When there was room on the ledge outside of the pots and boxes for a cat, the cat was there—in sunny weather stretched at full length, asleep and blissful, with her furry belly to the sun and a paw covered over her nose. Then that house was complete, and its contentment and peace were made manifest to the world by this symbol, whose testimony is infallible. A home without a cat—and a well-fed, well-petted, and properly revered cat—may be a perfect home, perhaps, but how can it prove title?'

His description of the Sandwich Islands remains to this day unequalled. 'Roughing It' to this day is the standard description of the beginning of the Great Silver States. And who is there among all writing men who has so completely and satisfactorily interpreted a great river to the world as Mark Twain has interpreted the Mississippi? As Mr. Twichell says:

'His description of the Father of Waters, for beauty and splendour and deep feeling of Nature in some of her rarer aspects and most bewitching moods, was doubtless never surpassed.'

His sympathy with Nature, which betrays the soul of the poet behind the mask of the humorist, is always present in Mark Twain's writings. Here is an extract from some of his private letters quoted in *Harper's*, which illustrate this fact. Writing on November 20, 1895, from Napier, New Zealand, he says:

'Here we have the smooth and placidly complaining sea at our door, with nothing between us and it but twenty yards of shingle—and hardly a suggestion of life in that space to mar it or make a noise. Away down here, fifty-five degrees south of the equator, this sea seems to murmur in an unfamiliar tongue—a foreign tongue—a tongue bred among the ice-fields of the Antarctic—a murmur with a note of melancholy in it proper to the vast, unvisited solitudes it has come from. It was very delicious and solacing to wake in the night and find it still pulsing there.'

Take as another example the following rhapsody over the Alps:

'O Switzerland! the further it recedes into the enriching haze of time, the more intolerably delicious the charm of it, and the cheer of it, and the glory and majesty and solemnity and pathos of it grow. Those mountains had a soul; they thought; they spoke—one couldn't hear it with the ears of the body, but what a voice it was!—and how real! Deep down in my memory it is sounding yet. Alp calleth unto Alp!—that stately old Scriptural wording is the right one for God's Alps and God's ocean.'

How puny we were in that awful presence—and how painless it was to be so; how fitting and right it seemed, and how stingless was the sense of our unspeakable insignificance! And, Lord, how pervading were the repose and peace and blessedness that poured out of the heart of the invisible Great Spirit of the Mountains! Now, what is it? There are mountains and mountains and mountains in this world—but only *these* take you by the heart-strings. I wonder what the secret of it is? Well, time and time again it has seemed to me that I must drop everything and flee to Switzerland once more. It is a *longing*; a deep, strong, tugging *longing*—that is the word. We must go again.'

Readers of his 'Jeanne D'Aro' need not be surprised to know that nothing is so fascinating to the wild humorist of the Pacific Slope as the history of the Middle Ages. Says Mr. Twichell:

'In those fields he has been an indefatigable, it is not too much to say, exhaustive, reader, while, by grace of a rarely tenacious memory, his learning in them is remarkably at hand and accessible to him. Hardly ever will an event of any importance in their annals be mentioned in his presence that he cannot at once supply the date of it.'

The aspect of remote times that chiefly fascinates his interest is the social. Books like Pepys's *Diary*, that afford the means of looking narrowly and with human sympathy into the life and manners of bygone generations, have a peculiar charm to him.'

He is a laborious and conscientious worker, returning often to his MS. after the lapse of many years. 'It is a strange thing,' he once told a friend:

'You have your ideas, your facts, your plot, and you go to work on your book and write yourself up. You use all the material you have in your brain and then you stop, naturally. Well, lay the book aside and go to work on something else.'

After awhile, three or four months, say, or perhaps three or four years, something suggests that old story to you, and you feel a sudden awakening of interest in it. And then, lo and behold! you find that your stock of ideas and facts has been replenished, and your mind is full of your subject again, and you must write, your brain is overflowing and you finish your book—if you are lucky.'

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The EDITOR will make every effort to return rejected contributions, provided a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MS. type-written.

All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

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THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow.]

THE publications of the week are not sufficiently numerous or interesting to justify a descriptive chronicle. We have received the following:

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

THE SOCIAL TEACHING OF JESUS: AN ESSAY IN CHRISTIAN SOCIOLOGY. By Shailer Mathews. The Macmillan Co. 6s.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

REMAINS HISTORICAL AND LITERARY CONNECTED WITH THE PALATINE COUNTIES OF LANCASTER AND CHESTER. Vol. XXXVI. The Chetham Society.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW: A MAGAZINE FOR THE ARTIST, ARCHÆOLOGIST, DESIGNER, AND CRAFTSMAN. Vol. I.

A COMMON-SENSE METHOD OF DOUBLE-ENTRY BOOK-KEEPING OF FIRST PRINCIPLES. By S. DYER. Part I.: THEORETICAL. Part II.: PRACTICAL. George Philip & Son.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. BALFOUR'S speech at Dumfries on Tuesday contained a very excellent summary of the genius of Burns, and proved once more how fine a critic of letters has been lost in the leader of the House of Commons; or, rather, not lost, but, for the most part, discouraged. To praise Robert Burns at Dumfries would be sufficient to satisfy the burghers, if they had not been previously convinced, that here was a man worthy of the freedom of their town; but Mr. Balfour did more—he grouped with Burns as great Scotsmen, Carlyle, Scott and Stevenson. To Burns naturally fell the lion's share of eulogy, but the incidental references to the three other men, though much briefer, had equal felicity.

MR. BALFOUR'S "aside" concerning R. L. Stevenson may be quoted, since, at the present moment, it is interesting to collect all estimates of that much discussed writer. "Stevenson," said Mr. Balfour, showing, by the way, a somewhat limited knowledge of the intrepidity of the hardy critic, "has been too recently taken from us for even the hardest critic to venture to prophesy the exact position which he is destined ultimately to occupy in the literary history of this country. But I think, however, we may say of him that he was a man of the finest and most delicate imagination, and that he wielded in the service of that imagination a style which for grace, for suppleness, for its power of being at once turned to any purpose which the author desired, has seldom been matched—in my judgment it has hardly been equalled—by any writer, English or Scotch."

IN the September *Harper's* Mr. Henry James writes, with his accustomed delicacy, of the late George Du Maurier, whom he knew well. In the course of this most readable, sympathetic article we learn again how great a loss English romantic literature suffered through the late blossoming of Mr. George Du Maurier's narrative faculty, and his early death. The following passage offers a glimpse of one of his many unwritten stories, in the telling or elaboration of which he found so much amusement:

"He had worked them out in such detail that they were ready in many a case to be served as they stood. That was peculiarly true of a wonderful history that occupied at Hampstead, I remember, years ago, on a summer day, the whole of an afternoon ramble. . . . A title would not have been obvious, but there would have been food for wonder in the career of a pair of lovers who had been changed into Albatrosses, and the idea of whose romantic adventures in the double consciousness struck me, I remember, as a real *trouvaille* of the touching. They are separated; they lose each other in all the wide world; they are shot at and wounded; and though, after years, I recall the matter confusedly, one of them appears, by the operation of the oddities among which the story moves, to have had to reassume the human shape, and wait and watch in vain for the wandering and distracted other. There comes back to me a passage in some old crowded German market-place, under a sky

full of gables and towers, and in spite of the dimness of these gleams I retain the conviction that the plan at least, to which years of nursing of it had brought a high finish, was a little masterpiece of the weird, of the Hofmannesque."

Elsewhere Mr. James expresses a wish, which many persons will echo, that a collection of Mr. Du Maurier's lyrics may be made.

"In matters of commerce," wrote Canning, "the fault of the Dutch is giving too little and asking too much." The Dutch pirate-publisher, Mr. Fisher Unwin has discovered, gives nothing at all. Mr. Unwin, very naturally expecting Olive Schreiner's *Trooper Peter Halkett* to be popular in a Dutch translation, had arranged for a translation to be made, when he discovered that the work had already been brought out in Holland, and is doing well. It is unfortunate and regrettable, but Mr. Unwin should have been quicker.

IN reference to Mr. Gosse's remark which we quoted last week, to the effect that had *Modern Painters*, *The Grammar of Assent*, or *The History of Civilisation* been published within the last ten years it would scarcely have attracted attention outside a narrow circle, so bent upon fiction are all modern readers, Mr. White writes from the Ruskin Museum, Sheffield, urging that such could not have been the case since *Modern Painters* is still selling well. We are glad to hear it, but the statement does not really affect Mr. Gosse's contention. There is a difference between a book published in the last ten years and a book whose popularity has been gaining momentum for half a century.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, the young poet whose *Christ in Hades* was welcomed for its note of sincerity and signs of strength, had a remarkable poem in last week's *Spectator*. The piece, entitled "The Woman with the Dead Soul," was described as an attempt to render imaginatively a modern tragedy, the horror of which lies in the combination of death within and neatness without, so often to be seen in our great cities. Mr. Phillips did not, perhaps, carry the reader quite so far as his own mind travelled, but no one could read his lines without gathering a serious meaning, and experiencing a certain grim sensation of chill. They remind us a little of the late James Thomson's *City of Dreadful Night*. We quote a passage describing the gradual death of the woman's soul:

"She felt it die a little every day,
Flutter less wildly, and more feebly pray.
Still it grew; at times she felt it pull
Imploring thinly something beautiful;
And in the night was painfully awake,
And struggled in the darkness till daybreak.
For not at once, not without any strife,
It died; at times it started back to life;
Now at some angel evening after rain,
Built like early Paradise again;
Or at some human face, or starry sky,
The silent tremble of infinity,
Or odour of strange fields at midnight sweet,
Or soul of summer dawn in the dark street."

At the same time, we feel that the *Spectator* goes too far in its praise of the poem in a companion article. Poetry that is to draw

national attention to defects in great cities should not be at all involved or over literary in expression, nor need elaborate commentaries.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, whose touch seems to us recognisable, has been reminded by K. S. Ranjitsinhji's book upon cricket of the meditations of an earlier Indian sage, one Mohummud Abdullah Khan, whose *Cricket Guide* was published at Lucknow in 1891. The few extracts that are offered prove the book to be less scientific than the Jubilee volume, but of higher value as a work of humour. Thus: "Behave like gentlemen when the game is over; avoid clapping and laughing in the faces of the persons you have defeated"; and, "If you have any book to be signed by the captain of the opposite side, confessing his defeat by so many runs, please do it like men"; and, "The fielders must never sting the player with taunts, if they turn him out, for this often results in something disagreeable to human mind."

A SECOND edition of K. S. Ranjitsinhji's *Jubilee Book of Cricket* is in preparation.

WE are informed that Lambeth Palace Library will be closed for six weeks, from to-day. Some scholars from Berlin and Upsala have lately been inspecting the MSS. for linguistic and critical purposes.

THE English short story for the September *Cosmopolis* will be contributed by Miss L. Alma Tadema, under the title of "The Unseen Helmsman," and the French one, by Edouard Rod, under the title of "Père et Fils." Vernon Lee is writing on the "Analytical Novel in France," with special reference to the works of M. Rosny. A further instalment of the letters of Turgenev to his French circle will also appear.

MESSRS. LONGMANS will publish in the autumn *The Queen's Hounds, and Stag-Hunting Recollections*, by Lord Ribblesdale, Master of the Buckhounds, 1892-95, with an Introductory Chapter on the Hereditary Mastership by E. Burrows. The book will have numerous illustrations, including reproductions from oil-paintings in the possession of Her Majesty the Queen at Windsor Castle and Cumberland Lodge.

PROVIDED that a sufficient number of guinea subscriptions can be obtained, it is proposed to publish at the Clarendon Press, by the colotype process, in imperial quarto, a facsimile of the original MS. of the Epistles to Timothy, Titus, and Philemon, in Welsh, reproduced from the MS. of Bishop Richard Davies, and compared with the parallel versions of Salesbury, 1567, and Morgan, 1588. To this will be added an account of a draft petition for a translation into "the vulgar Welsh tongue," and a bond in connexion therewith, bound with the MS., and biographical notices of the Bishop and his collaborator William Salesbury, together with a dissertation on some early Welsh versions of Holy Scripture, by

Archdeacon D. R. Thomas, Llandrinio. This publication will be helpful to students, apart from its intrinsic interest, in showing the formation of a Welsh theological terminology, and the development of a prose literary standard.

WE understand that Mr. Claude Phillips is already at work on a catalogue of the Wallace collection, and intends to follow it up with a more elaborate work on the same subject. Mr. Phillip's appointment as keeper to the collection was announced a short time ago.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS has arranged to make a lecturing tour in America in the autumn.

THE Rev. E. Conybeare is engaged on a history of Cambridgeshire for Mr. Elliot Stock's "Popular County History Series." One chapter traces the existence of a Cymric population in the Fenland, after the departure of the Romans. Particular attention has been bestowed on the part taken by Cambridgeshire in the Baronial wars of the thirteenth century.

LITERARY HAMPSTEAD.

THE THREATENED DEMOLITION OF CHURCH ROW.

THE rumour, which we fear is only too well founded, that Church Row, Hampstead, is to be pulled down to make room for modern flats is one that will give pain to every lover of old London, and to all who delight in old-fashioned ways and people. The perfect state in which these old Georgian houses remain, and their unimpaired ability to shelter old and young, would alone make the thought of their destruction very unwelcome. No wonder that the proposed change has called forth an earnest protest from Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie; is it too late to hope that her voice will be joined by others, and that "respice, respice, and nepenthe," will be accorded a few years longer to this unique precinct? For there Church Row stands in the irrecoverable glory of old brick and straight white latticed windows just as it was seen by Mrs. Barbauld, who lived in one of its houses; and by Lucy Aikin, her niece, who lived in another, and whose *Memoir of Addison* drew showers of praise from Macaulay; and by Joanna Baillie, their near neighbour, and by Sir Walter Scott, a frequent visitor; and by Crabbe, and by Wordsworth, and by John Day, of *Sandford and Merton*; and by many another gentle and gifted man and woman who lived in or visited Hampstead from fifty to a hundred-and-fifty years ago. Miss Lucy Aikin thus describes, in a letter to Dr. Channing, the Hampstead of 1830-1840. She had come to live in Church Row in 1822 to be near her aunt.

"Several circumstances render society here peculiarly easy and pleasant; in many respects the place unites the advantages and escapes the evils both of London and provincial towns. It is near enough (to London) to allow its inhabitants to partake in the society, the

amusements, and the accommodations of the capital as freely as ever the dissipater could desire; whilst it affords pure air, lovely scenery, and retired and beautiful walks. Because every one here is supposed to have a London set of friends, neighbours do not think it necessary, as in the provinces, to force their acquaintance upon you; of local society you may have much, little, or none, as you please; and with a little, which is very good, you may associate on the easiest terms. Then the summer brings an influx of Londoners who are often genteel and agreeable people, and pleasantly vary the scene. Such is Hampstead."

That was little more than fifty years ago. The palmy days of Church Row were even then beginning to pass. But Joanna Baillie was still Miss Aikin's friend and neighbour, and Joanna Baillie had many a time received Sir Walter Scott at her house. She had gathered there, indeed, all the great writers of the time, dividing the hospitality of Hampstead with Mr. Samuel Hoare, the banker. George Crabbe was often a guest of the Hoares. In June, 1825, he wrote in one of his letters: "My time passes I cannot tell how pleasantly. To-day I read one of my long stories to my friends, Mrs. Joanna Baillie and her sister. It was a task, but they encouraged me, and were, or seemed, gratified. I rhyme at Hampstead with a great deal of facility, for nothing interrupts me but kind calls, or something pleasant." Now and then Coleridge might be the caller—Crabbe frequently saw him in those days; or the arrival of Wordsworth or of Southey might be the "something pleasant." Wordsworth was there in May, 1815. Haydon relates that he walked with him on the Heath:

"I sauntered on to West End Lane, and so on to Hampstead, with great delight. Never did any man beguile the time as Wordsworth. His purity of heart, his kindness, his soundness of principle, his information, and the intense and eager feelings with which he pours forth all he knows, affect, interest, and enchant me."

With Mrs. Barbauld, who, however, had then removed to Stoke Newington, Wordsworth enjoyed a close friendship. He regarded her as the leading literary woman of her day. "I am not in the habit of grudging people their good things," he said to Crabbe Robinson, "but I wish I had written those lines," and he quoted the last stanza of Mrs. Barbauld's "Address to Life":

"Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy
weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night, but in some brighter
clime
Bid me Good Morning."

We will lift the veil of a few more years. Mrs. Barbauld—Anna Letitia Barbauld, let her be called for state—came to live in Church Row, Hampstead, with her husband in 1785. Mr. Barbauld had received the offer of a small Dissenting congregation there. Mrs. Barbauld had already done the greater part of her literary work, albeit her never-to-be-forgotten, or at least not yet forgotten, *Evenings at Home* were

written in Church Row. From just such a sweet hill-top street they should have come. Yet the *Evenings at Home* are too exclusively associated with her name. Not only did she collaborate on them with her brother, Dr. Aikin, but of the ninety-nine pieces contained in this collection of essays for the young only fourteen came from her own pen. These included "The Young Mouse," "Canute's Reproof," "Things by Their Right Names," "The Four Sisters," and other remembered pages. Indeed, we hear of Dr. Aikin being somewhat dissatisfied with his sister's inactivity at Hampstead, and urging her (in a set of verses) to give the world the benefit of her talents. She did rouse herself to write *A Poetical Epistle* to Mr. Wilberforce on the rejection of his Bill for the abolition of Slavery, and critical essays on the poetry of Collins and Akenside. A word about Dr. Akenside presently. Of Joanna Baillie Mrs. Barbauld wrote: "I have received great pleasure lately from the representation of 'De Montfort,' a tragedy which you probably read a year and a half ago in a volume entitled *A Series of Plays on the Passions*. I admired it then, but little dreamed that I was indebted for my entertainment to a young lady of Hampstead, whom I visited, and who came to Mr. Barbauld's meeting all the while, with as innocent a face as if she had never written a line."

In another of her letters is the following amusing passage:

"I have been to Dr. Beddoes, who is a very agreeable man; his favourite prescription at present to ladies is the inhaling the breath of cows; and as he does not, like the German doctors, send the ladies to the cow-house, the cows are brought into the lady's chamber, where they stand all night with their heads within the curtains. . . . It is a fact . . . that a family have been turned out of their lodgings because the people of the house would not admit the cow; they said they had not built and furnished their rooms for the hoofs of cattle."

And another of Mrs. Barbauld's letters is worth quoting; it is quoted by Howitt, who wrote delightfully on all these matters in his *Northern Heights of London*. The Barbaulds had received a young Spaniard into their house: "He is quite a man, of one or two-and twenty, and rather looks like a Dutchman than a Spaniard. Did you ever see *segurs*—tobacco-leaf rolled up of the length of one's finger, which they light and smoke without a pipe? He uses them. 'And how does Mr. Barbauld bear that?' say you. 'O! the Don keeps it snug in his own room.'"

We have mentioned the poet Akenside as an object of Mrs. Barbauld's editorial attention. He, too, had lived at Hampstead, and his was, perhaps, the only unhappy experience of that upland village that has come down to us. But, then, Akenside was unhappily constituted. He was ashamed of his humble birth, and is said to have refused, on one occasion, to acknowledge an aunt who called on him. Mr. Dyson, his friend and patron, purchased a cottage for him at North End, Hampstead, but the tenancy of the poet-doctor was not a long one. "Hampstead," says his bio-

grapher, "was not suited to a man like Akenside. The inhabitants were respectable and rich; but many of them were not only respectable and rich, but purse-proud, and therefore supercilious. They required to be sought; their wives and daughters expected to be escorted and flattered, and their sons to be treated with an air of obligation." This is a picture of Hampstead very different from Miss Aikin's of seventy or eighty years later. Perhaps the times differed less than appears. Miss Aikin was in the swim, and Dr. Akenside was not. We are now getting far back into the eighteenth century; no further back, however, than Mrs. Barbauld looked; for she edited selections from the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, and the *Guardian*, and she wrote the Life of Richardson and edited the old novelists. Even to her, Hampstead must have seemed to be steeped in the literary traditions of a bygone day. She could not have passed the "Upper Flask" inn in her morning walk without thinking of Clarissa Harlowe's flight thither from her plugging lover. It is Lovelace who writes:

"The Hampstead coach when the dear fugitive came to it had but two passengers in it; but she made the fellow go off directly, paying for the vacant places. The two passengers directing the coachman to set them down at the 'Upper Flask,' she bid him set her down there also. They took leave of her (very respectfully, no doubt), and she went into the house, and asked if she could not have a dish of tea and a room to herself for half an hour. They showed her up into the very room where I now am. She sat at the very table I now write upon; and, I believe, the chair I sit in was hers. O Belford! if thou knowest what love is, thou wilt be able to account for their minutiae."

We may be sure, too, that Steele's old cottage down the hill, whence his friends of the Kit Kat Club would bring him up to the "Upper Flask" for their weekly meeting, was an object of interest to Mrs. Barbauld and her friends. They would identify the house in which Dr. Johnson lived for a few months in 1749 to give his Tetty the air, and they would wonder if tradition lied in saying that Mrs. Johnson lived extravagantly and frivolously there while the Doctor toiled in Fleet-street. Here, at all events, Johnson did some sound work. "I wrote the first seventy lines in the 'Vanity of Human Wishes,' in the course of one morning, in that small house beyond the church." And did not Gay come here to nurse his melancholy after his disastrous "little flutter" in South Sea stocks? Hither, did not Arbuthnot come to die, and yet was cheerful? "I passed a whole day with him," wrote Pope, "at Hampstead. He is in the Long Room half the morning, and has parties at cards every night. Mrs. Lepell and Mrs. Saggioni, and her sons, and his two daughters, are all with him." It is not easy to exhaust the literary associations of Hampstead. One may look, as it were, out of Mrs. Barbauld's windows in Church Row in the year 1800, forward and backward through time, and Hampstead's glories show thick and bright. Shall we hark back again to find Romney, old and dejected, in his room at Hampstead, his strength waning with the waning century; Constable watching the rainstorms sweeping the immemorial

Heath; Evelina repelling the attentions of Beau Smith in the Long Room? or shall we look forward to find Keats poisoning his frail figure to hear the nightingale; Dickens pressing up the hill to Jack Straw's Castle; Du Maurier taking his great dogs about the lanes of "soothing, amusing, simplifying, sanitary Hampstead," as its very latest eulogist has described it? Look as we will we shall see nothing to make the removal of Church Row—Hampstead's jewel—a whit more tolerable.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. BOURGET is always interesting, though never amusing. For one thing, he takes himself too seriously, and persists in regarding the art of writing fiction as a science. For another, he lacks wit, humour, charm, and lightness of touch. These are essentials for immortality, so one is safe to predict that M. Bourget's immortality will terminate with his obsequies at the expense of the State. He wrote one notable book, *Le Disciple*, and *André Cornélius* is a strenuous and sober study of considerable value; and here and there in his other novels he has reached the intensity of life and stirred emotion's depths. But this achievement is rarer than it should be with a writer so sincere and studious. The explanation of his failure lies in the fact that M. Bourget pitches his note too high. Not content with the artist's ambition, he too ardently strives after philosophy and intellectuality. These qualities are out of place in fiction. They irritate and offend. We want our novelists to give us the best of ware, but our interest must be sustained, our emotions stirred, the arts and graces of literature must be used in the quest of our approval. So heavy, so austere, so philosophical a novelist as M. Paul Bourget, with never a smile, or a witty phrase, or a humorous or musical turn for our delectation, is as inappropriate in his profession as the lady who offers herself for public amusement in the guise of a "daughter of Joy," and turns out a loaded blue-stockings. The man who pays his money for entertainment feels justly that he would prefer to seek knowledge elsewhere. Our library shelves are weighted with well-bound tomes of philosophy and learning. Why must M. Bourget, who might do better things, inveigle us into dusty depths in the hollow disguise of insidious yellow cover and popular name?

His new book, a series of laborious studies of profiles gathered in varied travels and contributed to *Cosmopolis*, forms an interesting collection. There is even a fresh and graceful note in the Irish sketch, *Neptunvale*, which would have been completely charming if M. Bourget could, for a moment, have forgotten himself and his vexed theory of psychology. He places before this quaint and touching little romance—if one may dare to call by so simple a name the work of so tortured a master—the mournful Irish proverb, "There is hope from the sea, but no hope from the grave." M. Bourget has not

escaped the indescribable fascination of that melancholy and humorous race, which seems chiefly to exist for the pleasure of being misunderstood and wondered at. He, too, wonders, and admires in that sentimental, amazed temper most intellectual sympathisers fall into on this debatable ground. He writes regretfully of the "beautiful island so little visited by his compatriots, and so worthy of being much visited." He returns to Ireland, drawn thither again by its depth of green, its clear dark width of water, its isle-spotted lakes and veiled skies; "in a word, by the inexplicable charm of its matchless melancholy," of the tender and fatal pathos that ever enfolds it, as a kind of mist upon judgment; wins affection and repels reason.

La Pia, the last sketch, by its incomparable sobriety of emotion, a certain ironical tenderness, a less pedantic treatment, less of the obvious and irritating method of the trained psychologist, completely captivates us. The sketch of *La Pia* unites the two graces needful for the qualification of exquisite: vagueness and precision. A memory which holds regret and charm should be like moonlight, deeply shadowed, broadly illuminated. What could be more delicate, more strong, more brilliantly suggestive, than the end of this delightful little Italian sketch? Of the suspected and tarnished boulevardier, capable of a fine action, Bourget writes:

"It was one of those moments when the high chords of our nature have been too strongly stirred for the whole being not to respond to the vibration of generosity, and he squeezed my hand, saying, with a smile of irony and emotion, wherein I recognised the boulevardier: 'Promise me not to recount what has happened in the club. They'd take me for a simpleton. Perhaps I am. But that little one will pray for me sometimes. That never does any harm, and then, look at her eyes, how happy she is!' and with a deep voice: 'You know, it is sometimes good to prove to oneself that one is worth more than one's life.'"

Nos Fils, by Hugues Le Roux, is not cheerful reading for French fathers. It seems to prove with lugubrious emphasis that there is no hope, no opening for the sons of France in the Army, the Navy, Civil or State offices, and that salvation lies exclusively in the colonies. M. Le Roux tells the story of Mr. Frank Harris's life, as an inducement to overseas adventure. Mr. Harris is a very able man, no doubt, but it is information for his compatriots, on the authority of his French friend, M. Le Roux, that he has reformed English prose. Few of us suspected that the prose of Hazlitt and Ruskin required reform, and we have yet to learn the nature of the reform brought about by the genius of Mr. Harris, whom the French enthusiast compares with Maupassant, to Maupassant's apparent advantage. Friendly admiration is a pleasant thing, as our own log-rolled geniuses are aware, and the readers of *Le Journal*, the sprightly and improper paper to which M. Le Roux contributes, will be glad to feel themselves in advance of British opinion, thanks to the courage and originality of Mr. Harris's French admirer.

Oriental troubles have lent a fashion and

popularity to the theme of Oriental massacres and risings. *Zéttoun*, translated from the original Armenian of Aghassi, one of the chiefs of the revolt of 5,000 Armenians against 60,000 Turks, is a quick, graphic, and vital account, written somewhat in the note-book style, which is an appropriate and "living" form for a tale told from day to day, by a chronicler, sword in hand as well as pen, whose desk is often the saddle. The illustrations from the *Daily Graphic* are not well produced in this little volume, published by the *Mercur de France*, but the history of a revolt not precisely of European importance, and now swallowed up in the recent war, is full of interest, and told in a rapid, sober prose that is convincing and sincere. We hear of Armenia as peopled by a pacific race, adapted to oratory and thought, given to study, with an admirable literature and thirst for learning, "constantly ascending in patriotism and brotherhood." It is noteworthy that Armenia has drawn from M. Stéphane Mallarmé the single nearly lucid phrase he has ever written, addressed to M. A. Tchobanian, the translator of *Zéttoun*:

"That you should have, from a lake of blood, which is reflected redly on every thinking contemporary visage, awakened this pure lesson initiating an entire poetry, appears to me the most efficacious and delicate piety of a man of letters towards his devastated country, bruised and ready to spring from such evocations."

And for Mallarmé this is almost French and coherent.

H. L.

NEW BOOKS.

Belles d'Août. Auguste Marin.

Fédor. Alphonse Daudet.

Le Baron Sinaï. Gyp.

Pays de l'Ouest. Gustave Geffroy.

THE BOOK MARKET.

IMPROBABLE BOOKS.

"CAN you really sell a book like this?" "Certainly. I sold a copy only a little while ago."

The book was a calf-bound folio: *Voyage de Corneille le Brun*, printed in Paris in 1714. It was one of a number of large, musty-looking books that formed a sort of rampart to a little shop in Red Lion Passage. Now Red Lion Passage is a narrow lane whereby you escape from Red Lion Square, and it is well beloved of book-hunters. The sun was setting over the square and shedding its last red rays directly down the Passage, which, to one's blinking gaze, took on a seventeenth-century air. Surely, I mused, Le Brun's sun set long ago; yet here, in the night of its uselessness, in the year of Nansen and Andrée, his *Voyage* is hopelessly exposed for sale.

"Will you explain it?" I said to Mr. Hobbs.

"Well, I don't know that there is

much to be said. It is just this: here and there is a man who is interested in old voyages to the Levant and round about the East, and who perhaps finds the plates—you see there are many plates in the volume—interesting."

"But to buy it! I could understand him consulting such a book at the British Museum. It is entirely obsolete; it is hardly literature; it is in French; it weighs, I think, sixteen pounds: and you expect that a man will arrive and give you money for it and take it away?"

"I do."

"Well, come; here is *Dryden's Fables* in folio, magnificently printed, but surely unsaleable now?"

"I shall sell it. Indeed, it is partly sold already, for it has lost the plates!"

"Do you mean they have been bought out of the book?"

"Yes; I have no doubt that the last bookseller who had the volume sold the plates to a customer."

"Does that often occur?"

"Oh, yes."

"You mean that a customer will offer to buy the plates in a book, and the bookseller will cut them out for him with his pen-knife?"

"Certainly; it has been done here. You see, some people want pictures and some want reading; and in the case of a book of this kind it pays to divide them."

"Well, now, you won't pretend that you can easily sell these volumes that your kitten is playing on: Sir Paul Rycant's *The Turkish History*, 1687? I see it is full of the lives of Othmans and Amuraths and Bajazets—gorgeous old stuff, no doubt; but can you sell such a book to a passer-by?"

"Not easily; but it will go, it will go."

"Echard's *History of England*, in three volumes?"

"That will not sell easily."

"Rollin's *Ancient History*, in seven volumes?"

"Yes; to a few libraries."

"Newton's *Principia*?"

"Yes."

"Now, I put it to you that you cannot sell *Zimmerman on Solitude*."

"But I can."

"Or *Sturm's*—"

"*Reflections*? Yes; I own I'm a bit surprised when I sell that book, but I'm asked for it now and then, and also for *Hervey's Meditations Among the Tombs*."

"Well, what are these books in three long rows?"

"Now, there's an instance for you. That is a French Dictionary of Medical Science, published in Paris in 1812. I have the complete set in sixty volumes, all beautifully bound in calf!"

"And you can sell sixty volumes of a twenty-times-obsolete French medical work in Red Lion Passage to-day?"

"I think so. I bought it with that idea."

"It seems to me that as long as a book is a book it will sell at some price to some person."

"That is so."

DRAMA.

THE successful revival of "The Sign of the Cross" at the Lyric Theatre solves a problem in criticism which had been left in a somewhat unsatisfactory state, at all events for a section of the critics. No modern piece has been more severely mauled than Mr. Wilson Barrett's quasi-religious play, and none, on the other hand, has been hailed more cordially by the public, or, to take a rough, but conclusive, test of success, has made more money. Already on its arrival in London "The Sign of the Cross" was enjoying a great provincial popularity. "But," objected the superfine critics, "this is not a genuine piece of dramatic work, it appeals to a passing craze; it will never, like a really good play, stand the test of revival." Mr. William Archer, if I remember rightly, went so far as to call Mr. Barrett's *magnum opus* a "Salvation Army pantomime," a thing of shreds and patches, not only destitute of literary and dramatic qualities, but offensive to good taste. Alas, for this somewhat robustious opinion! "The Sign of the Cross" has stood the test of revival very well, proving that it possesses at least the dramatic quality; and as for taste, it is undeniably palatable to the multitude to which it appeals, which, I fancy, is the highest praise that can be accorded to any popular enterprise. On analysis it will be found that the enormous popularity of "The Sign of the Cross"—a phenomenon which deserves, yet does not demand attention—is due to two causes: first, that it is a well-constructed play, expounding a theme which is popular under all aspects—namely, the power of love in impelling to self-sacrifice—and secondly, because dealing with the sufferings of the early Christians under Nero it has acquired the reputation of being a "Christian" play, and consequently attracts the clergy and a large class of people not usually addicted to the drama. In one respect the popularity of "The Sign of the Cross" is fictitious: it is "Christian" only by accident. Suppose Mr. Barrett had chosen as the setting of his story the wars of the Cavaliers and the Roundheads or the French Revolution, he would still have been able to inspire interest in his theme. Instead of Mercia, the Christian maiden attracting the love of the Roman patrician, Marcus Superbus, we should have had a demure Puritan heroine inspiring a passion in the bosom of a gallant Royalist, or a daughter of the people winning the love of a haughty aristocrat. The dramatic qualities of the story would have remained; but it would no longer have been "Christian," and, consequently, it would not have enlisted the sympathy of the clergy and the Sunday-school teachers.

If we strip this love episode between Mercia and Marcus of its verbal accessories, it is amazing that it should be regarded as enforcing a Christian moral. There never was a passion more completely sordid. Marcus Superbus is not in love with Mercia because of her Christian principles. On the contrary, he rejects these as superstition. He has an eye solely to the attractive

maiden, and at the last moment would have her renounce her faith. This she declines to do—indeed, on Mercia's part, there is very little evidence of a reciprocal passion at all. Marcus, then, as an afterthought, and with something of the exaltation of the suicidal lover, resolves to be thrown to the lions with his beloved, and presumably suffers this fate—for love, however, not religion! Marcus Superbus, whose death excites the compassion of the churches and chapels, is not a convert at all, or only a nominal one. He dies for the same reason that a blighted swain occasionally blows out his brains or takes a dose of "carbolic." Let us not forget, however, that the play could not have obtained its "Christian" vogue had it not been constructed on sound dramatic principles. At the risk of appearing to enunciate a platitude, I would say that nothing supersedes the dramatic element in drama. A play may be literary, "Christian" elevating, educative, what you please, but it must first of all be dramatic. That is the *sine quid non*. And it is here, I think, that hypercriticism has been guilty of some injustice towards Mr. Wilson Barrett as the author of "The Sign of the Cross." It has looked too exclusively to his dialogue, and not enough to his action. The peculiar dialect of "stagese" that Mr. Wilson Barrett affects is, I own, a hard nut for the literary critic to crack. It seems to be compounded of the Bible and Martin Tupper. "I would crave speech with thee," says one of his *dramatis persone*. "I did but frame a jest," explains another. This is a species of gibberish of which the eminent author-actor, I believe, has a monopoly.

AND yet so strange a medium is the stage, the lingo, if I may without irreverence call it so, answers its purpose. It reminds us at least that the Romans of the Nero period did not talk English, and its *préciosité* conveys somehow a flavour of antiquity. "Marry, that will I," is a phrase of no particular race or period. For my part, I thank Mr. Barrett for it: it is a useful counter. A hundred years ago there were but two kinds of costume known to the stage—the ancient and the modern: the former covering all past ages without exception. It is Mr. Barrett's boast (if he chooses to make it one) that he has divided dialogue into two great sections—the ancient and the modern. It will be observed that, according to Mr. Barrett, they talked the same form of stagese in Babylon 500 years B.C. as in Imperial Rome. No estimate of the merits of the "Sign of the Cross," however, is just which does not acknowledge its admirable stage qualities. Its thrilling scenes are of the crescendo order; its motive is entirely sympathetic, and it flatters the unsophisticated eye with glowing pictures of the profligacy of the Roman ruling classes. Nor must we omit reference to the now famous shriek of the young actress who enacts a boy as he is about to be thrown to the lions, which, for their part, are heard roaring, "off." It recalls the blood-curdling shriek popularised some twelve or fourteen years ago by a now forgotten actress in a performance of "Jane Eyre."

WHAT strange news of ourselves we occasionally read in the French papers! Mr. Francisque Sarcy, the eminent critic of *Le Temps*, has been giving in his latest *feuilleton* a bird's-eye view of the London theatres, the luminous points of which, it appears, are our superabundance of Hamlets, and the success of "Tommy Atkins," at the Princes's. This end of the century, we are told, has seen four great Hamlets in London: those of Irving, Wilson Barrett, Tree, and—Gordon Craig! I am sorry to say I missed Mr. Gordon Craig's performance. M. Sarcy tells us that he has given up the question of Hamlet's madness as an *indéchiffrable énigme*. This is hard on several of the great Hamlets named, who have been but mad "when the wind was south-south-west," and who at other times have always known a hawk from a heronshaw. It is true I am unfamiliar with Mr. Gordon Craig's reading.

J. F. N.

SCIENCE.

IT is not altogether without justice that the Toronto press describes Prof. Roberts-Austen's lecture on "Canada's Metals" as the most interesting address ever delivered in the Dominion. Frequenters of the Royal Institution are familiar with some of the remarkable experiments and discoveries connected with metals which have been made by the Director of the Mint, but the public at large are probably unacquainted with them, and very few, indeed, have seen his latest results, the series of instantaneous splash photographs of molten gold which I had the pleasure of inspecting shortly before the distinguished professor's departure for Canada. These are taken on the principle of the photographs of splashes of water shown by Prof. Worthington, and the drop photographs of Mr. Vernon Boys. They prove, in a striking manner, that in their liquid state metals behave almost exactly like non-metallic fluids.

THE metals which Canada produces, and which are destined to give it a leading position in the world, are gold, silver, nickel, copper, lead, and iron. In addition, there are found there chromium, manganese, antimony, zinc, mercury, platinum, and traces of the rarer metals, such as molybdenum, which, though not very abundant or useful in themselves, exert a most remarkable influence when alloyed in minute quantities with commoner metals like iron. The same may be said of nickel, which has recently become of first-rate importance on account of the enormous resisting power which it confers upon steel for armour plates. The curious nature of these alloys, and the necessity for extreme accuracy in adjusting the proportions, is well-known, and may be exemplified by an experiment of Guillaume's, quoted and exhibited in Prof. Austen's lecture. Steel containing 22 per cent. of nickel expands more when heated than ordinary steel does, while steel containing 37 per cent. of nickel hardly expands at all, so

that the nature of the material is entirely reversed in one essential particular by a difference of 15 per cent. in the admixture of one constituent. The most striking of all Prof. Austen's experiments are without doubt those on the mutual diffusion of two solid metals kept in a state of very close contact. Lead and gold are the two metals selected to exhibit this quality, which, although slow and necessarily limited in its action, is so remarkable as to upset our popular notions of a solid body altogether. In fact, Prof. Austen has shown that the three states of solid, liquid, and gaseous, instead of being utterly distinct, merge imperceptibly into each other, and that even in a solid there are molecules present which retain the freedom of motion possessed by gaseous molecules. Perhaps in time we shall need a Boyle's and an Avogadro's law for solids.

THE other lecture, given in accordance with custom to operatives of the town in which the British Association meeting is held, was one by Dr. Henry O. Forbes, on British New Guinea. Anything that Dr. Forbes selects to say about the Australasian and Malaysian groups is bound to be interesting, on account of the wealth of information which he has collected from those little-known regions, and their bearing upon the great problem of early continental distribution. Dr. Forbes, in his lecture, explained the meaning of "Wallace's line," and showed how the difference in the fauna and flora of regions separated by even so narrow a channel as that between Lombok and Bali is important as determining what lands originally belonged to the great northern continent, and what to the even greater continent which once surrounded the Southern Pole, embracing the major part of Australasia, South America, and, probably for a shorter time, South Africa. There is no greater story written on the face of the earth than that which records the manifold subsidences and elevations which alternately separated, insulated, or joined together the lands in the Southern Hemisphere. Here we can read the history of organic evolution on a dozen different lines, some almost entirely distinct, some blending at remote epochs, as we can see from the survival in South America of rare marsupial forms like those which now no longer exist anywhere but in the Australian continent.

By the time these notes are published the British Association meeting at Toronto will be a thing of the past, and members will be radiating away on their excursions and travels in every direction. There is no reason for regarding it otherwise than as a great success from the point of view of an international scientific gathering, the large intermixture of American and Canadian workers being an especially pleasant feature. What will appeal to most people even more than its success is, however, the felicitous thought which, in this year of Imperial jubileations, selected for the meeting-place England's oldest and in many ways most serviceable colony.

H. C. M.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"The Wisdom of Fools." By Margaret Deland. (Longmans.)

In the *Daily Telegraph* Mr. Courtney devotes his weekly column to the examination of these four stories from the pen which wrote *John Ward, Preacher*. "Are the commonplace people . . . right when they formulate rules based on a large and comprehensive mundane experience; or are the saints right—if indeed that be the correct term to apply to them—the unconventional souls, the visionaries, the fools? In each of her four stories Margaret Deland debates this argument, and, like an artist and a critic, she comes to no conclusion. . . . The critical ingenuity is the same throughout—that careful analysis of motives and contrast of ideals which gives to the artist his keenest intellectual satisfaction. But Margaret Deland must not call herself a student of life while she writes likes this; she is rather the critic who loves to watch the iridescent play on the surface of things. . . . And, he asks, "what is the conclusion of the whole matter? Well, perhaps this. There is a wisdom of this world and . . . another kind of wisdom, not of this world, which men usually call folly; but it happens, nevertheless, to satisfy some minds not the least worthy of honour and regard. If a man cannot make up his mind which . . . he is going to accept, heaven help him! He must not attempt to mix the two. . . ." Says the *Chronicle*: "These stories have not quite all the gracious charm of style which we have learned to look for in everything that comes from Mrs. Deland's pen. They are, perhaps, a trifle overweighted with purpose." Also, "we find ourselves quite unable to reply with confidence to any of the interrogations with which these stories end. But we have enjoyed reading them none the less." Of "The House of Rimmon," which it describes as "the most powerful, the deepest, and the most momentous in the issues it involves," the *National Observer* writes that "the relation of capital and labour are set forth with an impartiality and bold realism that reflect the highest credit on the logic as well as the humanity of the author. . . . Mrs. Deland shows herself in each instance to be a thinker, a woman of the world, and a humanitarian in its secular sense." The *Pall Mall's* Irresponsible Critic writes: "These sketches, with their subtle characterisation, their depth of thought, and with the ease and humour of their style, are worthy of comparison with *Scenes of Clerical Life*."

"Ibsen on his Merits." By Sir E. Russell and P. C. Standing. (Chapman & Hall.)

"MR. STANDING," writes the *Chronicle*, "has nothing to say, and does not know how to say it. He has no critical faculty, and cannot even realise the problems which Ibsen presents to criticism. . . . He babbles backwards and forwards about the plays without any attempt at order or coherence; . . . moreover he registers with approval or condemnation the opinions of quaint and surprising people, from 'Tjngonde Häftat' [which means nothing more or less than No. XX. of some magazine] to Miss Marie

Corelli. . . . Mr. Standing's bump of admiration is indeed immense." On the other hand, Sir Edward Russell's lecture, though timorous and apologetic, is at least "the work of a competent man of letters." What mainly offends him in Ibsen is his "provincialism"—"an old reproach, which at best has only a local meaning. . . . But when with 'provincialism,' Sir Edward Russell brackets 'puerility' of technique, one can only wonder to find so eminent a critic writing in apparent unconsciousness of the dramatic movement of Europe." "The students of Ibsen," writes the *Saturday reviewer*, ". . . are like a choir who are endeavouring to persuade an unwilling audience at a concert to appreciate an abstruse new musician. They are not helped, they are much exasperated, by the rushing in of two volunteers who propose to assist them on a jew's-harp and a penny whistle." "The authors claim to have worked in collaboration; . . . but we are enabled to distinguish between them. Sir E. R. Russell rarely trusts himself to a definite statement, and is therefore less often startlingly wrong than Mr. Standing, whose boldness of assertion and daring defiance of books of reference are distinctly pleasing." The *National Observer* is disappointed to find in Sir Edward Russell's contribution to this joint production neither the indiscriminate eulogy nor the wholesale condemnation suggested by the phrase "on his merits."

Mr. Bellamy's "Equality." (Heinemann.)

"MR. BELLAMY," observes the *Chronicle*, "has evidently taken enormous pains with his work, and seen carefully to the joints of his armour. The book contains many good arguments, some unanswerable indictments of the present civilisation, and much that gives the reader cause to think. But we could have wished that it had been livelier." For the book "has not one of the essentials of fiction. There is no movement, no development, no characterisation, no drama, no psychology, no bright or in the slightest degree interesting dialogue." The characters "all talk about the same subjects in exactly the same way." "With the bad old order there will have passed away entirely, it seems, a sense of humour. . . . An unappeasable and unappeased longing again and again comes over us that someone would, at least, try to say something funny. . . . But what we thirst for most is the right to box the ears of some of the children." The *Daily News* permits itself to observe that "at least a social philosopher who undertakes to treat of overproduction should show some knowledge of the doctrines of the Ricardian school on this head." "A sequel," observes the *Standard*, "is apt to come as an anticlimax, and Mr. Bellamy's *Equality* is a case in point. . . . Mr. Bellamy has ridden a good idea to death—and a dull death."

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